

## The World

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 22.

### A LAUGH IN OHIO.

Ohio Republicans are failing to do their whole duty by themselves if they fail to take due notice of a reported occurrence of yesterday. Reputable persons who saw Mr. FORAKER go into consultation with Senator JOHN SHERMAN declare that from the room wherein these two gentlemen sat for half an hour there issued several peals of hearty laughter, in which both men joined.

It is the duty of Ohio Republicans to inquire where the laugh came in. FORAKER says he accused SHERMAN of assisting in a conspiracy to hold him back in the Senate. But this is no joke. And he says SHERMAN admitted it. Which is more serious for FORAKER.

The only present clue to a motive for merriment seems to be in a remark made by the Senator after his interview with the ex-Governor was over. "Gov. FORAKER and myself have always been friends," said he, "and I am always glad to see him."

Perhaps Mr. SHERMAN said as much as this to Mr. FORAKER; and in view of the course of events before, during and since the late Republican Convention in Ohio, the only additional favoring which the joke needs is a concise statement as to where the Senator would be most pleased to see the ex-Governor.

Guatemala is hard up over a debt of \$27,000. And meanwhile Uncle Sam jogs along just as merrily, whether it be his surplus or his deficit that runs up into the millions.

Amovators awake who run to the writing of love-letters will be interested to learn that a collection of such missives left by GOTTIE has been appraised at \$37,500 value.

"The Turners wind up their festivities in Long Island today. They deserve all the gladness of heart that their strength of body and sweetness of song have given them."

A \$60,000 shipload of New England rum has just been started for the African coast. The exporters are bound that the field for foreign missionary work shall not fail.

### THE CLEANER.

The Tammany Hall Year Book for 1891, which contains the names of about 3,000 persons, members of the several Wigwam committees, has just been issued. Charles Stekler, the ex-cleaver in the Tenth District, said yesterday, when he saw a copy of the annual, that the committee of one hundred men who had written the book before next election.

"The metropolitan is bound to be represented on the State tickets of both parties this Fall. The names of the officers which have not been filed by the State Treasurer, which was due yesterday, are a copy of the committee of one hundred men who had written the book before next election."

I hear from the Thousand Islands that Judge Alfred Stedman, one of the lucky fishermen among the summer residents there, has been fishing for a while. The fishings of the islands and the judge's life are the envy of less successful anglers.

In an extended drive through Newport's prettiest avenues I noticed a number of interesting and a few queer things. In the latter category is the elaborate high iron fence which surrounds Mr. Astor's estate. It is truly pointed, a gleam black and on every point a thick layer of gold leaf. The effect is wholly unbecomingly in coloring and garish to a degree. The natural beauty of the grounds needs no such adornment, and surely it is not necessary that Mr. Astor should display his disregard for gold so lavishly. The whole world accepted him as a cross-legged log.

There is no more thoroughly enthusiastic sportsman about than Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, of the magnificent scowder Empress, of the New York Yacht Club. His passion was at a time around his handsome vessel and crew, racing from the old-timers' standpoint, viz: that it means sailing and not scurrying through the waters at a foam-churning gallop on a steam vessel.

"The Ap. Theosis of Christopher Columbus" is the title of a new allegorical composition by Ferdinand Hodler, the artist on view at his studio, 100 Fifth Avenue. The figures are of life size, and represent Columbus, with a garland of immortals in his hand, bestowing upon Columbus the everlasting veneration and gratitude of the American nation, while underneath the stars and stripes are revealed the untold wealth of the Republic.

I met that prince of bonafides, W. D. Garrison, yesterday. His success in hotel management in New York is well known, and it is much to be noted that his opinion on hotel matters is much sought after. Mr. Garrison is still a young man. He is a member of an old Revolutionary family.

Wagnerian seems to be having rather a lugubrious time over in Bayreuth just now. According to the reports that reach us it is the usual thing at every operatic performance to see ladies weeping copiously in all parts of the house, and even strong and able-bodied men unable to keep their eyes from watering. Between each act there is an hour's intermission, during which the entire audience goes out and drowns its sorrows in beer. What they are waiting for is the arrival of Dr. Chanzy Dreyer, who will be sure to stir things up and make life at Wagnerian headquarters less gloomy and funeral.

Edith Forbes-Leth, of New York, Weds Dragon Captain Burn.

For associate pastor. The marriage of Miss Edith Forbes-Leth, of New York, to Captain Charles Roodin Burn, of the First (Royal) Dragoon and Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Connaught, took place this afternoon in Holy Trinity Church.

## SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

William Hadn't Passed.

I was talking with an officer at the Brooklyn end of the bridge the other evening when a woman, who was late, headed and out of breath, came up and asked:

"Do you know if my husband William has passed over the bridge?"

"No, ma'am."

"He's on one of his sprees."

"Yes."

"And he is headed this way, and I know him if he comes along here."

"He'll introduce himself, will he?"

"He will that you'll hear him whoop half a square away. He'll come into the promenade on the jump, and the first thing he'll do will be to stand you and that other cop on your heads and spin you around like tops."

Then he'll whoop some more and pull the ticket-office up by the roots and carry it half way to the other side. Oh! you needn't be afraid that William won't let you know he's around! There's nothing beautiful about him, even if I do say it myself!"

Telling the Truth.

I was looking at the Murphy family in the big tank at the Zoological gardens the other day when I observed a man on the other side of the iron fence slyly take a hand-glass from his pocket and look at the big 'hippo' and then at himself.

If you've been up there you've probably caught the big beast standing with only his ugly face out of water. Nature never tried her hand on anything else after creating a hippopotamus. It was her last expiring effort, and she gave him one look and fainted dead away. I didn't mean to let the man see that I was watching him, but he tumbled to the racket after a bit and started off towards the elephant house and beckoned to me to follow him. When we were quite alone he leaned up against the fence and looked me over a few seconds and said:

"You look like a candid, truthful man."

"Thank you."

"If I should ask you for an honest opinion on a certain matter concerning myself I believe you would give it."

"I think I would."

"You saw me looking at the hippo?"

"Yes."

"And also observed that I had a hand-glass?"

"Yes."

"I do not live in New York. I live in a village up the river. I am a single man. Up to a fortnight ago I was engaged to a sweet girl. Do you follow?"

"I do."

"Engaged to a sweet girl, and we were to be married this Fall. Two weeks ago she came down here with her father and mother. They took in the Zoo. They saw the hippo. She returned home to tell me so coldly that I had to ask for explanations. She explained. What do you suppose she said?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, sir, she fancied she saw a resemblance between old Murphy's face and mine! Yes, sir, and her father and mother did, too!"

"Great Scott!"

"And now, sir, I've come down to see for myself. I think she is right. I think there's a resemblance. Look me straight in the face and tell me what you think."

"I-I-I hardly."

"Spit 'er right out! Do you see a resemblance?"

"Most I tell the truth!"

"You must! I can bear it!"

"Then I do see a resemblance. Indeed, when I first caught sight of you over the fence I thought one of the hippo had got out of the tank. I'm sorry to tell you this, but you—"

"I wanted the truth. You have told it to me. The fact is settled that there is a resemblance, and I go home to release Susan from her engagement. Sir, I thank you."

"But the fact that you happen to resemble a hippopotamus needn't necessarily hurt your hopes."

"It must with Susan. She could never look at me without thinking of old Daddy Murphy, with his snout and eyes just above water, and her love would grow cold. Good-by, sir! You are a truthful man. As a man and a hippopotamus I bid you good day!"

M. Quad.

A Horrible Example.

[From the Epoch.]

Fogges: It is said that a man once added to a vice can never really give it up.

"I believe it, too. I know a gambler who is reformed, but every day he plays solitaire and bets with himself that he'll win."

A Soother.

[From the Epoch.]

"They say colery is a good ointment."

"That's it."

"Put a little to sleep."

"Aw, go on. What's the matter with you?"

## FOR THE BABIES. TROOPS ON THE WAY. WALL ST.

Long Beach Comes to the Rescue Again To-Night.

Gov. Buchanan Has Ordered Them to Briceville.

It is Now Feared that There May Be Bloodshed.

Apparently No Good Results from the Arbitration Committee.

Uncle Russell Sage's Effort to Bull the Market.

Buying Orders from Abroad Give the Market Strength.

Sugar Trust Tumbles a Couple of Points.

Chronicles Briefly Drawn from Note-Book and Docket.

Alleged Counterfeiter Held.

Visiting Mayors Call at City Hall.

Mayor Matthews, of Boston, accompanied by the Mayor of Cambridge, Mass., called at Mayor Grant's this morning.

Bridge Kneeling to the Judge.

Fridget Delaney, arrested for drunkenness, obtained her discharge at the Tombs Court today by dropping on her knees and swearing to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors.

Another Mad Dog Put Away.

Policeman McConville this morning shot a mad dog at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Twentieth Street.

Must Carry Lights at Night.

The Park Board at its meeting today adopted a resolution requiring all carriages passing through the park at night to carry side lights.

He Knows Now It Was Loaded.

Edward Mitchell, sixteen years old, of 1614 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, while cleaning a revolver this morning, shot himself through the left hand. St. Mary's Hospital.

Held as a Horse-Thief.

Eighteen-year-old Edward Burke, of 320 East Forty-seventh Street, was held in Yorkville Court this morning, charged with stealing a horse and wagon from George A. Verizan, 154 East Fifty-third Street.

Depew's Secretary Goes to Europe.

Lieut. Harry C. Dwyer, private secretary to Dr. Chanzy M. Depew, sailed for Europe today on the City of Paris with his wife and child.

A Boy Burglar Captured.

John Fisher, aged sixteen, employed in a wall paper factory, was held at Jefferson Market this morning charged with robbing the jewelry store of Morris J. Block at 503 Eighth Avenue. Two placed watch chains were found in Fisher's pocket.

Found Vandalism's Drunken Firemen.

Five members of the steamship Vandalism were fined \$5 each by Recorder McDonough in Hudson last night on the ship.

Fire in a Steamer's Hold.

The explosion of a signal rocket started a fire in the hold of the steamship Zintada, lying at the Metropolitan Stores, Brooklyn, at 8 o'clock this morning. The blaze was extinguished by the crew. Damage \$50.

Fractured a Lady's Skull.

Mrs. Catherine Gresham, fifty years old, of 367 Seventeenth Street, Brooklyn, was thrown to the ground by a horse in the Fulton Avenue car this morning, and her skull was fractured.

Teutonic Comes Close to Her Record.

The White Star steamship Teutonic, which arrived this morning from Liverpool, made the run from Queenstown to New York in twenty-one hours and fourteen minutes, or within two hours and nine minutes of her best claimed record.

A Missing Man Found Drowned.

Coroner Robert H. Foxworth was notified this morning of the finding of the body of John M. Dowling, fifty years old, of 231 Forty-ninth Street, who has been missing since Monday. It was found in the river at the foot of Forty-ninth Street.

Trounced for Insulting Women.

Guatave Beyer, who lives in Court Street, Brooklyn, was arrested by officers of the Butler street station on a charge of intoxication. Blood was streaming from a cut on his head, and he said he had fallen. The police learned, however, that he had insulted several women, and their escort had knocked him down.

Ex-Senator William Caldwell, the County Democracy leader of the Ansonia District, was given up politics today when he was elected at Morris Park as a neighbor of ex-City Chamberlain Richard Croker.

A Red-Hot Iron in His Eye.

Inhuman Monsters in Jersey City Destroy a Trick Dog's Sight.

The police of Jersey City have been requested to look for an inhuman wretch who wantonly thrust a red-hot iron into one of the eyes of a handsome trick dog belonging to Thomas M. Donnelly, a clerk in the office of Chief Engineer Brooks, of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. Donnelly lives at 947 Fairmount Avenue, Jersey City Heights. Just across the street from his home is a blacksmith shop. The trick dog was turned into the street for a few moments yesterday, and a few minutes later Mr. Donnelly heard him whining at the door. When he let him in he discovered that the animal's eye had been burned out. Neighbors heard him whining at the door, and when he was taken to the blacksmith shop, from which place the dog was seen to run, howling with pain.

RELIEF OF IRELAND.

House of Commons Votes \$300,000 for Salaries and Expenses.

London, July 22.—The House of Commons, in Committee of Supply, voted the sum of \$300,000 as salaries and expenses for the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland.

HONOR FOR GORDON-CUMMING.

Elected by a Highland Association to Sir John Macdonald's Place.

Chicago, July 22.—The Highland Association of Illinois has unanimously elected Sir William Gordon-Cumming, honorary clerk of the Association, in place of the late Sir John Macdonald.

Fair and Warmer.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Weather indications for Eastern New York: Generally fair; warmer to-morrow, winds becoming southerly.

The following record shows the changes in the temperature for the corresponding date of last year, as furnished by the 'bermometer' at Terry's Pharmacy:

1890 1891

July 22nd 75 84

July 23rd 75 84

July 24th 75 84

July 25th 75 84

July 26th 75 84

July 27th 75 84

July 28th 75 84

July 29th 75 84

July 30th 75 84

July 31st 75 84

August 1st 75 84

August 2nd 75 84

August 3rd 75 84

August 4th 75 84

August 5th 75 84

August 6th 75 84

August 7th 75 84

August 8th 75 84

August 9th 75 84

August 10th 75 84

August 11th 75 84

August 12th 75 84

August 13th 75 84

August 14th 75 84

August 15th 75 84

August 16th 75 84

August 17th 75 84

August 18th 75 84

August 19th 75 84

August 20th 75 84

August 21st 75 84

August 22nd 75 84

August 23rd 75 84

August 24th 75 84

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September 7th 75 84

September 8th 75 84

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